

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS;

INTENDED AS A

Supplement

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY

JOHN MEAD RAY,

Sudbury.

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COLLECTION



Supplement

TO

DR. WATTS' SYSTEMS AND METHODS

BY

JOHN WELLS

Supplement

AND ALSO A HISTORY OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM, AND THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF MINERALOGY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF GEOLOGY,
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AND THE MUSEUM OF AESTHETICS,
AND THE MUSEUM OF ETHICS,
AND THE MUSEUM OF PSYCHOLOGY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF LOGIC,
AND THE MUSEUM OF METAPHYSICS,
AND THE MUSEUM OF THEOLOGY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF PHILOLOGY,
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AND THE MUSEUM OF THEOLOGY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF PHILOLOGY,
AND THE MUSEUM OF LINGUISTICS,

GREATLY as the churches are indebted to the late Dr. Watts, for compositions of such inimitable value as his psalms, and hymns; other writings of this great man, together with those of many pious, and eminent authors, furnish a simple and unaffected, and yet a rich and varied volume such an undertaking has been attempted, and with respectful diffidence is offered to public notice.

The Collection of a large assortment of psalms and hymns, is an object which has engaged much of the editor's attention, not only, as the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts contain to

few; but because some of the best musical compositions are adapted to them. This collection will also be found to contain many original compositions, which (though printed for a circle of friends to whom his memory is belovedly dear) were never published.

That the presence of God may be in all our churches, and that those who now taste fervent devotion; and that those who now taste their part of divine worship, may hereafter use in nobler strains, and in a better world; is the earnest prayer of the

JOHN MEAD RAY.

Sudbury,
Jan. 29, 1799.

ADVERTISEMENT.

GREATLY as the churches are indebted to the late Dr. Watts, for compositions of such inestimable value as his psalms, and hymns; other writings of this great man, together with those of many pious, and eminent authors, furnish ample materials for a supplement. In this volume such an undertaking has been attempted, and with respectful diffidence is offered to public notice.

The selection of a large proportion of peculiar metres, is an object which has engaged much of the editor's attention, not only, as the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts contain so few; but because some of the best musical compositions are adapted to them. This collection will also be found to contain many original hymns, particularly, those of the late Mr. Heginbotham; which (though printed for a circle of friends to whom his memory is deservedly dear) were never published.

That the presence of God may be in all our churches; that his praises may be sung with fervent devotion; and that those who now raise their voices in this delightful part of divine worship, may hereafter sing in nobler strains, and in a better world; is the earnest prayer of the Editor.

Sudbury,
Jan. 29, 1799.

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COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN I. WATTS.

PRaise FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 1 I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty ikies!
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

-
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 7 In heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

HYMN II. FRANCIS.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

- 1 GLORY to th' eternal King,
Glory be to God's great name!
Let all heav'n his praises sing,
Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim.
- 2 Through eternity he reigns
In unmeasur'd realms of light;
He the universe sustains,
As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on suns thro' boundless space,
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.
- 5 O let my transported soul.
Ever on his glories gaze,
Ever yield to his controul,
Ever sound his lofty praise.

HYMN III. ADDISON.

PRAISE TO GOD FROM THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 While all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN IV. OGILVIE.

PRAISE YE HIM ALL HIS HOSTS. Ps. cxlviii.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:
Lo! on the light'ning's gleamy wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

- 5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN V. WATTS.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

- 1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor Men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There Nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of all his glories up.

- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
 Meas'ring their changes by the moon:
 No ebb his sea of glory knows;
 His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
 The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
 All nature dwell upon the sound,
 But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

HYMN VI. Mrs. BARBAULD.

GOD THE ETERNAL SOVEREIGN.

- 1 THIS earthly globe, the creature of a day,
 Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass
 away;
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 2 But fix'd, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
 Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same.
 He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

- 3 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise:
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
 controul;
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul:
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN VII. WATTS.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

- 1 ETERNAL Pow'r, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite length beyond the bounds,
 Where stars revolve their little rounds!
- 2 Earth from afar has heard thy fame;
 Our tongues have learn'd to lisp thy name:
 But oh! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 3 God is in heav'n, and men below:
 Short be our tunes, our words be few:
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN VIII. Anonymous.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high, Hallelujah!
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Favor'd mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong:
Emulate the heav'nly powers;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand;
Power, no empire can withstand:
Wisdom, angels glorious theme:
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
Hail thou universal Lord!
Earth, and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high. Hallelujah!

HYMN IX. Helen Maria WILLIAMS.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

-
- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—
That mercy I adore!
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My stedfast heart shall know no fear;—
That heart shall rest on thee!

HYMN X. FAWCETT.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings giv'n,
For the richest gifts bestow'd,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

HYMN XI. HART.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

- 1 How wond'rous are the works of God,
Display'd thro' all the world abroad!
Immensely great! minutely small!
Yet one vast work exceeds them all.
- 2 He form'd the Sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night;
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
Are little works compar'd with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies,
Made vallies sink, and mountains rise;
The meadows cloath'd with native green;
And bid the rivers glide between.

- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove?
The wonders of redeeming love!
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What saints can feel, or angels guess:
Angels that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 The highest heav'ns are short of this;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;
'Tis more than thought could e'er conceive
Or hope expect or faith believe.

HYMN XII. SOWDEN.

PRAISE IN TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord! while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.
- 2 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath:
The sweet remembrance of thy name,
Shall cheer the gloom of death.

-
- 3 Then, what a nobler song shall rise,
When, freed from feeble clay,
Thy brightest glories meet my eyes
In one eternal day!
- 4 Not angels, who thy love proclaim
Thro' yon ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a sincerer flame,
Or praise in purer strains.

HYMN XIII. Anon.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 Holy holy holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd!
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness hail!
- 2 Tho' unworthy Lord, thine ear,
Humble hallelujahs hear:
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing;
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony.
Holy holy holy Lord!
Ever be thy name ador'd.

HYMN XIV. COWPER.

PROVIDENCE.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN XV. ADDISON.

CONFIDENCE IN DIVINE PROTECTION.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture will prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence will my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the fultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty will my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand will give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

HYMN XVI. Anon.

FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE.

- 1 GUIDE me O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim thro' this desert land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Heav'nly leader,
Feed me 'till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the cheering streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Kind Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Prince of life! my guide celestial!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Hallelujahs,
I will ever give to thee

HYMN XVII. Mrs. BARBAULD.

ALTHO' THE FIG-TREE SHALL NOT BLOSSOM, &c. Hab. iii, 17

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 All that spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 3 These to thee, O God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear,
Should the fig-trees blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit:
- 5 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:
- 6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:
- 7 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN XVIII. ADDISON.

THANKS FOR THE MERCIES OF PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Before my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XIX. HERVEY.

God's UNERRING WISDOM.

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways?
- 2 Since none can doubt his equal love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring gracious will,
Be ev'ry with resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less, when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

HYMN XX. Mrs. STEELE.

CONTENTMENT WITH PROVIDENCE.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.
- 2 "Give me a calm a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend:
"Thy presence through my journey smile,
"And crown my journey's end."

HYMN XXI. COWPER.

SUBMISSION.

- 1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!
- 5 But ah! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN XXII. ROBINSON.

HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—Oh fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

- 2 Here I raise, my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be,
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN XXIII. Anon.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

- 1 BEHOLD the great eternal God,
 Spreads his protecting arms abroad,
 And calls our souls to shelter there:
 Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace
 To all his children he displays,
 Guarded from danger and from fear.

-
- 2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press or death is nigh,
When threat'ning horrors round me croud:
The shadow of th' Almighty's wings,
Composure unmolested brings,
Tho' the wild tempest roar aloud.
- 3 In louder strains my joyful tongue
Shall warble its melodious song,
My Father's graces to proclaim:
He bears his feeble offspring on
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal as his name.

HYMN XXIV. WATTS.

DIVINE WISDOM, POWER AND GRACE.

- 1 ETERNAL wisdom thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 3 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Mercy divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN XXV. ADDISON.

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

- 1 How are thy servants blest'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN XXVI. COWPER.

WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS. James i, 17.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn;)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

HYMN XXVII. JERVIS.

THE FRIEND OF THE AFFLICTED.

- 1 How vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days!
- 2 Thou alone, the great author of all!
The faithful, unchangeable friend!
Thou alone all our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone from all sorrows defend.
- 3 When the ills I foreboded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears;
And to him who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd its vows and its pray'rs.
- 4 When my heart throbb'd with anguish and pain,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame;
Then my soul on my maker was staid.
- 5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.
- 6 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of affliction's dark night;
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.

- 7 Great source of my comforts restor'd!
Thou healer and balm of my woes!
Thou hope and desire of my soul!
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.
- 8 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise,
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days!

HYMN XXVIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

COMFORT IN SICKNESS.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.
- 2 Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shows;
And nature faints, beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

HYMN XXIX. WATTS.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

- 1 COURAGE, my soul; whilst God is near
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is omnipotence?
- 2 Tho' thickest dangers croud my path,
To terrify my feeble faith;
My feeble faith on God relies,
And all those dangers still defies.
- 3 Tho' billows after billows roll
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my soul shall stand,
Upheld by an almighty hand.
- 4 And when in death's dark vale I tread
' With gloomy horrors over-spread,
' My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
' For thou, O Lord, art with me still.'
- 5 Still shall thy presence be my aid,
Guide me safe thro' the horrid shade,
Chace all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

HYMN XXX. WATTS.

COMPLAINT WITH HOPE.

- 1 LORD, I am pain'd ; but I resign
My body to thy will ;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan :
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease ;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.
- 5 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings ?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

HYMN XXXI. Mrs. BARBAULD.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 1 IF friendless in the vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my
way;
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.
- 2 In ev'ry creature, Lord, I own thy pow'r;
In each event thy providence adore:
Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
- 3 Then, when at last I quit this transient scene,
Help me to leave it with a heart serene:
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

HYMN XXXII. RYLAND.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND. Psalm cxxi, 15.

- 1 SOV'REIGN ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:

All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

- 4 O thou gracious, wise and just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

- 5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

HYMN XXXIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

PRAISING GOD THROUGH OUR EXISTENCE.

- 1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God!
Thro' all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In ev'ry smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines mine earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.

- 3 When gloomy care, and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active pow'rs,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Tho' death will close mine eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 6 How will my happy spirit mount,
Confin'd in flesh no more,
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds,
In countless ranks, adore.
- 7 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

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HYMN XXXIV. FAWCETT.

BY HELP OBTAINED FROM GOD I CONTINUE TO THIS DAY.

- 1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

HYMN XXXV. NEWTON.

VANITY OF LIFE.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 I pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.
- 6 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

HYMN XXXVI. Mrs. STEELE.

WITH THEE IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :
- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flatt'ring specious wile :
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal blifs can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?
- 6 Thy favour Lord, is all I want,
Here would my spirit rest ;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

HYMN XXXVII. Mrs. STEELE.

COMPLETE HAPPINESS NOT ON EARTH.

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wherefoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 Thankful own what you enjoy;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect blifs.
- 3 Perfect blifs resides above,
Far above yon azure sky;
Blifs that merits all your love,
Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.
- 4 What, like this, has earth to give?
O ye righteous! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 5 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to blifs sincere.

HYMN XXXVIII. WATTS.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

- 7 Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN XXXIX. Mrs. STEELE.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimers sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

-
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

HYMN XL. COWPER.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN XLI. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

- 1 Now let my soul, eternal king!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 The spangled heav'ns thy pow'r proclaim,
Earth echos back thy mighty name;
Thy glory gilds returning days,
And nights, in silence, speak thy praise.
- 3 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace:
- 4 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold a Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 5 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 6 Hail, great Emanuel! let my song,
Thro' endless years, thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

HYMN XLII. Anon.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on calvary ;
Let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
From eternal darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name ;
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour all the world around.

HYMN XLIII. WATTS.

THE GOSPEL THE POWER OF GOD TO SALVATION.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease, for the torment of the mind?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh:
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell,
As save rebellious souls from hell.
- 3 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up,
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 4 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

-
- 5 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN XLIV. MRS. STEELE.

JESUS THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all my hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save me from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love)
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy spirit, (gracious guide!)
Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Safe lead me thro' this world of night,
And bring me to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

HYMN XLV. Mrs. BARBAULD.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!
- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!
- 3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN XLVI. Mrs. STEELE.

THOU HAST THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE. John 6. 68.

- 1 THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
That happiness I need afford?
- 3 Eternal life, thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN XLVII. WESLEY.

THE SONG OF ANGELS.

- 1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heav'n-born prince of peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
- 3 [Mild, he lays his glories by,
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.]
- 4 "Glory to the new-born king,"
Let us all the anthem sing,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

HYMN XLVIII.

Anon.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

- 1 ARISE and hail the happy day;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things:
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The "sun of righteousness" arose
"With healing in his wings."
- 2 If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs;

Much more should we of human race
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

- 3 Oh! then, let heav'n and earth rejoice,
Let ev'ry creature join his voice
To hail the happy day:
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the pow'rs of death and hell
Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

HYMN XLIX. ROBINSON.

PRAISE TO GOD AND THE REDEEMER.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro' the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.

For thy providence that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

4 From the highest throne in glory.
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Go return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.

HYMN L. Mrs. STEELE.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

-
- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to rise,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life, divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

HYMN LI. ENFIELD.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

- 2 The largest love of human kind
Inspir'd his godlike breast;
In deeds of mercy, words of peace,
His kindness was express'd.
- 3 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 4 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 5 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, fought his life;
He labour'd for their good.
- 6 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd;
While humble pray'r, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 7 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 8 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share!

HYMN LII. Anon.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks afunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish'd!
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd!
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah;
 Glory to the bleeding lamb!

HYMN LIIL. WATTS.

HUMILIATION AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

- 1 The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He that distributes crowns and thrones.
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
The prince of life resigns his breath,
The king of glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his pow'r
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

HYMN LIV. HEGINBOTHOM.

PRaise TO THE REDEEMER.

- 1 To thee, my Saviour and my Lord,
A lofty song I'll raise;
While love inspires my glowing heart,
And forms my lips to praise.
- 2 Worthy for ever is the lamb
That took my sins away:
But, O what tribute can I give,
What equal honours pay!
- 3 Millions of saints thy grace proclaim,
In nobler strains, above;
But not an angel's tongue can tell
The wonders of thy love.
- 4 Blest seraphs sing thy matchless love,
And shout thy high renown;
Archangels, at thy sacred feet,
Lay their bright glories down.
- 5 Reign, mighty prince! for ever reign,
Till Death himself be dead,
And let eternal ages show'r
Their blessings on thy head.
- 6 Thus will I sing, till nature fails,
Till sense and language die;
And then resume the pleasing theme,
In happier worlds, on high.

MOHYMN LV. WATTS. MYH

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous king,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN LVI. ROBINSON.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men, and angels say,
Raife your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo the Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king,
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he dy'd our souls to save;
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou.

HYMN LVII. Anon.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide,
Glorious hero, thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great father's and thy own.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

HYMN LVIII. WESLEY.

THE ASCENSION.

- 1 THE mighty conqu'ror leaves the dead,
Jesus the Lord ascends on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the king of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!"
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the king of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possesst,
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN LIX. Mrs. STEELE.

CHRIST DYING AND RISING.

- 1 COME tune ye saints your noblest strains,
Your dying rising Lord to sing,
And echo to the heav'nly plains
The triumphs of your saviour king.

- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes,
Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And dying finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Thro' the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conqu'ring God resound.
- 4 Almighty love! victorious pow'r!
Not angels' tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear favour let thy wond'rous grace
Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN LX. MADAN.

WHILE THEY BEHELD HE WAS TAKEN UP. Acts i. 9.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Parted from our longing eyes;
Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n.

There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the king of glory in!

- 2 Him though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
For his followers intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

- 3 " Master, " (may we ever say)
" Taken from our head to-day: "
See thy faithful servants see,
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant tho' parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

- 4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Waiting longing after home.
There with thee we shall remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

HYMN LXI. Mrs. STEELE.

THE GLORIOUS PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

- 1 O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring faints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favorites of the lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN LXII. Anon.

JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS.

- 1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry globes,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.
- 3 Hail prince! they cry, for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love,
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
Of royalty above.
- 4 While he did condescend on earth
To suffer rude disdain,
They threw their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend,
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last,
This scene of love would end.
- 6 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

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- 7 They brought his chariot from above
To bear him to his throne,
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done!"

HYMN LXIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

CHRIST PRECIOUS TO BELIEVERS.

- 1 BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love.
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like thy beloved name;
Nor ought beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wand'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compar'd to thee?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If ought can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:

For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

- 6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And Death shall all his terrors lose
In raptures so divine.

HYMM LXIV. TURNER.

"THOU SON OF DAVID HAVE MERCY ON ME."

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation,
See I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree;
Fain I'd feel my heart believing,
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

- 3 On the word thy blood hath sealed
 Hangs my everlasting all;
 Let thine arm be now revealed,
 Stay, O stay me! lest I fall.
 SAV'D—the deed shall spread new glory
 Thro' the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptur'd with thy love!

HYMN LXV. GRIGG.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own her star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 No; when I blush—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

-
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no foul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

HYMN LXVI. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

- 1 To thee, my shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak
A subject so divine!
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine!
- 3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From the blest world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!
- 4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;

Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

- 5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd:
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 6 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale,
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.
- 7 Lead on, my shepherd! led by thee
No evil I shall fear;
Soon I shall reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

HYMN LXVII. Mrs. STEELE.

REDEEMING MERCY.

- 1 THE weary trav'ler' lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of heav'nly day
Lost weary sinners find:
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

-
-
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!
- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine
Who ransoms captive souls,
Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
And all its pow'r controuls.
- 5 Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light,
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And lost in hopeless woe.
- 6 'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted Lord, to thee!

HYMN LXVIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

- 1 Now let our souls with joy record
The grace and goodness of the Lord;
His mercies ev'ry tongue repeat,
How constant, various, and how great.

- 2 'Twas he, that rear'd this earthly frame;
From him, our nobler spirit came,
And life, and breath, and all things prove,
His pow'r, his wisdom, and his love.
- 3 His love provides my daily bread,
Delights my heart, and shields my head,
Shines in the darkest shades of night,
Returns with ev'ry morning light.
- 4 But in the gospel's heav'nly lines,
Diviner grace and mercy shines;
There Jesus shews my sins forgiv'n,
And leads my wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 5 Great God! accept my grateful song,
Thy grace shall still employ my tongue:
My heart shall feel the sacred flame,
And all my pow'rs shall bless thy name.
- 6 A living victim at thy shrine,
My soul and body I resign;
Holy let all my passions be,
And ev'ry motion tend to thee.
- 7 Thus, will I bless thee all my days:
Teach me in death to sing thy praise,
And let eternity prolong
Thy sacred honours, and my song.

HYMN LXIX. NEWTON.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

- 1 BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
Men strive their passions to restrain;
Yet all their efforts prove in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;
This, strength supplies, and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear, and suffer, for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by his death from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the pow'r of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Death I can brave, and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then, all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives and will provide.

-
- 7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqu'ror's crown:
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.
- 8 By faith, I see the hour at hand
When in his presence I shall stand:
Then, it will be my endless bliss
To see him where, and as he is.

HYMM LXX. GRIGG.

"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR." Rev. iii, 20.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis he
With garments dy'd from Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;

Turn out that hateful monster sin,
And let the heav'nly stranger in.

- 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain;
Where Jesus comes he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway,
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.
- 6 Sov'reign of souls! thou prince of peace,
O may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be his empire—ALL MANKIND.

HYMN LXXI. Mrs. STEELE.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd.

-
- 4 Lord rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty pow'r display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.
- 5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart,
Dear Saviour enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry sin.

HYMN LXXII. HEGINBOTHOM.

BEHOLDING TRANSGRESSORS WITH GRIEF.

- 1 "UNHAPPY city! hadst thou known,
"Then were thy peace secure;
"But now the day of grace is gone,
"And thy destruction sure."
- 2 Thus to the Jews the Saviour calls,
As near their gates he stood,
His eyes beheld their guilty walls,
And wept a sacred flood.
- 3 And can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groan'd and died for me?
- 4 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;

- Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.
- 5 But vain will all my sorrows prove,
And what avails my pain!
O, let thy gentle bowels move,
They cannot move in vain.
- 6 Here, may thy love and grace abound,
And in each house appear;
Let no pollution here be found,
Nor one transgressor there.
- 7 Then shall we bid our griefs adieu,
Our tears shall then be dry,
And soon thy praises we'll renew,
In happier realms on high.

HYMN LXXIII. Anon.

PENITENCE.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Grief should dwell in ev'ry heart,
Sorrow rest on ev'ry tongue.
Deep remorse for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.

- 2 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom us'd to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
These, with ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon thro' thy son.

HYMN LXXIV. Mrs. STEELE.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide! my light!
Without one cheering ray;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

- 5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

HYMN LXXV. ADDISON.

HOPE OF DIVINE MERCY.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.
- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul!

Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears controul.

- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

HYMN LXXVI. TAYLOR.

THE GOD OF MERCY.

- 1 PRAISE to God the great creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy.
Lo th' eternal page before us,
Bears the cov'nant of his love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.
- 2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his mildest grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls.
Ev'ry secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within.

HYMN LXXVII. III NEWTON. VII

MERCY IMPLOR'D.

- 1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature thro';
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou see'st my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd
Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see;
Oh! how impure must I appear
Most holy God to thee!
- 5 * Mercy, good Lord! mercy I plead;
This is the total sum;
For mercy Lord! is all my suit,
Lord! let thy mercy come.

* Sternhold.

HYMN LXXVIII. Mrs. BARBAULD.

THE CONFLICT.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's filken banner's spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell:
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here:
Why should his faithful follow'rs fear?

HYMN LXXIX. Mrs. BARBAULD.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promis'd soil;
The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 We tread the path our master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.
- 3 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow;
And oft are bath'd in tears;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

HYMN LXXX. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE WATCHFUL SERVANT.

- 1 AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul!
Awake! and view the setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
E'er half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death! 'tis an awful, solemn sound;
O let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

- 3 Soon will he close thy drowsy eyes,
Nor shalt thou hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty judge approach,
E'en now he stands before thy door.
- 4 To day attend his gracious voice;
This is the summons that he sends:
"Awake, for on this transient hour
"Thy long eternity depends."
- 5 Blest Jesus! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to my view:
Teach me to gird my loins about,
And trim my dying lamp anew:
- 6 Then, when the king of terror comes,
My soul will hail the happy day:
Then come my Saviour from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay.

HYMN LXXXI. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT DESIRED.

- 1 Up to thy seat, eternal God!
Now would my ardent passions soar;
Fain would I view thy bright abode,
And love, and wonder, and adore.
- 2 Spirit of peace, immortal dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign:

- Come fill my soul with heav'nly love,
And all the graces of thy train.
- 3 Descend with all thy sacred light,
Thine active zeal, thy joy sincere,
And hope, in radiant glories bright,
Descend, and make thy dwelling here.
- 4 Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,
Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.
- 5 Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, tho' in all his terrors drest;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXXXII.

Mrs. STEELE.

WE WALK BY FAITH.

- 1 FAITH leads to joys beyond the sky;
Why then is this weak mind
Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
To more than sense can find?
- 2 Sense can but furnish scenes of woe;
In this low vale of tears
No groves of heav'nly pleasures grow,
No paradise appears.

- 3 Ah why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find
Yet still expect in vain?
- 4 Faith rising upward points her view,
To regions in the skies;
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew
In bright perspective rise.
- 5 Let this weak, erring mind no more,
On earth bewilder'd rove;
But with celestial ardor soar
To endless joys above.

HYMN LXXXIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

GOOD HOPE THROUGH GRACE.

- 1 COME, humble souls, ye mourners, come
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
The Saviour's dying love;
Soon you shall sing the glorious theme,
In loftier strains, above.
- 3 God, the eternal mighty God,
To dearer names descends;

Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

4 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heav'n's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.

5 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

6 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

7 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal, and divine.

HYMN LXXXIV. Mrs. BARBAULD.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands!
His weeping follow'rs gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.
- 3 Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:
- 4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views thro' mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.
- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

HYMN LXXXV. TOPLADY.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread;
 Gentile, and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banish'd far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

HYMN LXXXVI. SCOTT.

MEEKNESS.

- 1 HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast,
 Clear as the summer's evening ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day!

-
-
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sling,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMM LXXXVII. SCOTT.

MERCY.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of woe:
A brother mortal mourns:
My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow;
My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry;
The famish'd beg for bread:
O let my spring its streams supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 And shall not wrath relent
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, I repent,
Nor will offend again?

- 4 How else on sprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r,
Up to thy throne, my God, my king,
To plead for pardon there?

HYMN LXXXVIII. SCOTT.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

- 1 SHALL sinning man O Lord presume
To glory in thy sight?
Himself, on his own virtues plume,
And claim thy heav'n by right?
- 2 I boast of none, in none I'll trust;
For MERCY Lord I sue;
Ah were my judge severely just,
Perdition is my due.
- 3 Shall mortal man so blind, and weak,
On his own pow'rs depend?
On thee I hope, thy blessing seek;
O guide me, and defend.
- 4 Shall man his brother man despise,
Vain of excelling worth?
Disdainful view with haughty eyes,
His fellow worm of earth?
- 5 Who made for one a station high?
Another's mean and low?

- Who made the poor man's cup so dry?
Or mine to overflow?
- 6 Our pride shall nobler talents swell?
Who made yon ideot's small?
Who gave me talents to excel?
Who;—but the GOD OF ALL.
- 7 O! come meek-ey'd humility,
Come dwell within my breast;
Dear Jesus! let me learn of thee,
And find thy promis'd rest.

HYMN LXXXIX. Mrs. STEELE.

THE CONTENTED CHRISTIAN.

- 1 CELESTIAL content, inexhaustible treasure
The man that enjoys thee requires no addition,
In thee he possesses wealth, honor and pleasure;
O happy condition!
- 2 With pity he looks on the many pursuing
The trifles of earth with such eager attention,
And straining in chase of their utter undoing,
Their tortur'd invention.
- 3 Then upward on faith's friendly pinion he
rises,
With rapture the glorious reversion beholding;
The gates of that bliss, which his longing
heart prizes,
(Tho' distant) unfolding.

- 4 On inviolate truth while his hopes are de-
pending,
Nor terrors affright, nor afflictions depress
him;
Assur'd tho' to death's gloomy mansions fast
tending,
His God will still bless him.
- 5 Releas'd from the sorrows of time his glad
spirit
Shall leave its weak partner, and joyfully
soaring,
The promis'd possession begin to inherit;
With angels adoring.
- 6 He knows that his body, the grave tho'
detaining,
In Jesu's bright image hereafter arising;
Shall surely rejoin him, no sorrow remaining,
Corruption despising.
- 7 Then with heaven's fair armies in triumph
ascending,
Partake of delights ever new, and abounding;
Enraptur'd before the bright throne lowly
bending,
Salvation resounding.

HYMN XC. Mrs. STEELE.

MY SOUL CLEAVETH TO THE DUST; QUICKEN THOU ME.

- 1 VEXATIOUS world! thy flatt'ring snares
Too long have held my easy heart;
And shalt thou still engross my cares?
Vain world depart.
- 2 I want delights thou canst not give,
Thy joys are bitterness and woe;
My pining spirit cannot live,
On aught below.
- 3 Enchanting prospects court the eye,
And gay alluring pleasures smile;
But in the fond pursuit they die,
Ah fruitless toil!
- 4 How oft convinc'd shall I complain
That happiness cannot be found?
Yet sighing, mourning, still in vain,
Cleave to the ground.
- 5 Look, sov'reign goodness from the skies,
Look down with gently-pitying eye;
O bid my fainting spirit rise:
To thee I sigh.
- 6 With beams of sweet celestial light,
Dispel the dark oppressive gloom,
Display the mansions of delight
And bid me come.

- ME.
- 7 Those shining realms of endless day
Could I one happy moment view,
Then should my soul with transport say,
Vain world adieu.

HYMN XCI. HEGINBOTHOM.

HEAVENLY TREASURES DESIRED.

- 1 No, I will cleave to earth no more,
No more her joys pursue;
My heart disdains the flatt'ring snare,
And bids the world adieu.
- 2 Farewel, vain world! to all thy blifs,
To all thy glitt'ring store;
Thine airy dreams, thy specious charms,
Delude mine eyes no more.
- 3 To nobler realms, my ardent hopes,
With sweet ambition, rise:
No thief can steal, no rust devour,
Nor moth corrupt my joys.
- 4 My soul, by pow'r divine, secur'd
From ev'ry painful fear,
Shall see eternal ages roll,
And still be happy there.
- 5 Fir'd with this glorious hope, I soar
Above terrestrial things;

Contemn the fordid miser's hoard,
And all the wealth of kings.

- 6 Father, my spirit longs to see
Thy blest abode on high:
Come, death, and bear me to the place
Where all my treasures lie.

HYMN XCII. DODDRIDGE.

SYMPATHY.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, gracious God!
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know.
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 O be the law of love fulfill'd
In ev'ry act and thought;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

-
- 5 Be thou, my heart! dilated wide
With this kind social grace;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heav'n embrace.

HYMN XCIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

VIRTUE THE SOURCE OF PEACE.

- 1 FORSAKE, my soul, the tents of sin;
How false her joys appear;
Noise and confusion dwell within;
Peace is a stranger there.
- 2 Peace never fix'd her sacred throne,
So near the gates of hell:
She reigns in pious breasts alone,
Where heav'nly virtues dwell.
- 3 The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share;
Or, if he lifts his chast'ning rod,
'Tis with a father's care.
- 4 His mighty pow'r shall guard the just;
His wisdom points their way;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust;
His hand revive their clay.
- 5 Begin, ye saints, the joyful task;
His praise employ your tongue;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

HYMN XCIV. TAYLOR.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord what off'ring shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts renew'd, the constant spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd,
Sympathy at whose controul,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wound, or feed the poor,
Love embracing all our kind,
Charity with lib'ral store.
Teach us O thou heav'nly king,
Thus to shew our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN XCV. DODDRIDGE.

SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retir'd and silent seek them there:
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
True strength to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 Thro' all the mazes of my heart
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified,
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there

HYMN XCVI. DODDRIDGE.

SECRET PRAYER.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots thro' the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade,
- 3 O may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN XCVII. DODDRIDGE.

PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS FROM GOD.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine:
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be spent,

For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

- 4 Thus cheer us thro' this desert road,
Till all our labours cease;

And heav'n refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

HYMN XCVIII. Mrs. STEELE.

HOPE ENCOURAGED BY THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- 1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand;
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death, command,
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!—
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

- 5 My God! if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN XCIX. Mrs. CARTER.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?
- 3 Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;

- Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And blest the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN C. DODDRIDGE.

GOD'S FIDELITY TO HIS PROMISES.

- 1 THE promises I sing,
Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal king
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure, and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away
When once the judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortals years;
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines thro' all the flame.

- 3 Their harmony shall sound
Thro' mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

HYMN CI. DODDRIDGE.

THE EFFECTS OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal source of light,
And make thy glories known:
Fill our enlarg'd adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur, and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read thy name,
True life t' obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and compleat the view.

HYMN CII. DODDRIDGE.

THE DIVINE ASSISTANCE AND PRESENCE.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right-hand, which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?
- 3 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.
- 4 While I his gracious succour prove
'Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades, thro' which I pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

HYMN CIII. DODDRIDGE.

THE GREATNESS AND MAJESTY OF GOD.

- 1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' eternal's awful throne.

-
-
- 2 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assemble on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
 - 3 Join'd with the living, let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
 - 4 The drop, that from the bucket falls,
The dust, that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

HYMN CIV. DODDRIDGE.

WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 THRICE happy men, who born from heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear!
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought;

- And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought,
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN CV. DODDRIDGE.

GOD PRESENT WITH HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known,
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is guided by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

HYMN CVI. DODDRIDGE.

SUPPORT IN GOD'S COVENANT UNDER TROUBLE.

- 1 My God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus my guardian, and my friend,
And heav'n my final home;
- 3 I welcome all thy sov'reign will;
For all that will is love;

And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

- 4 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

HYMN CVII. DODDRIDGE.

GOD'S GOODNESS TO HIS PEOPLE HERE AND HEREAFTER.

- 1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestow'd; how much reserv'd
For them that seek thy face!
- 2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.
- 3 Here mercy hides their num'rous sins;
Here grace their souls renews;
Here thy own reconciled face
Doth heav'nly beams diffuse.
- 4 But O! what treasures yet unknown
Are lodg'd in worlds to come!
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home!

- 5 And what shall mortal worms reply?
Or how such goodness own?
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee,
Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 6 Since time's too short, all-gracious God,
To utter half thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

HYMN CVIII. DODDRIDGE.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
- 2 Thro' all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide,
And in that long-experienc'd care,
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace thro' all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

HYMN CIX. DODDRIDGE.

PRAISING GOD IN TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 1 GOD of my life, thro' all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heav'nly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity,

HYMN CX. MERRICK.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

- 1 RAISE your voice, and joyful sing,
Praise to your eternal king;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
Thro' the various realms of earth,
Praise him, all of human birth
Honour pay to heav'n's high Lord,
And his wond'rous deeds record.
- 2 Be the Lord your constant theme,
Who of gods is God supreme;
He to whom all lords beside,
Bow their knee, and veil their pride.
He whose wisdom thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky;
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Bade thro' boundless æther roll.
- 3 He who o'er the earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to ev'ry thing that lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives:
To him the great eternal king,
Raise your voice, and joyful sing;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

HYMN CXI.

HEGINBOTHOM.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE. ACTS XXIV. 16.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heav'nly guest!
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears controul,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then, should mine-eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors, near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my falt'ring voice.
- 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball,
Ev'n then, my soul, without dismay,
The mighty ruin would survey.
- 6 Yes, for beyond these lower skies
New worlds salute my longing eyes;
Blest worlds! where peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns.

HYMN CXII. DODDRIDGE.

GOD INTREATED FOR ZION.

- 1 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 2 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 3 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes, and her priests;
And, by thine energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 4 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, adorn our isle.
- 5 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heav'nly dew in copious show'rs,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 6 Then shall each age and rank agree
United shouts of joy to raise:
And Zion, made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.

HYMN CXIII.

DODDRIDGE.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him, the spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN CXIV. Mrs. STEELE.

JESUS THE KING OF GLORY REIGNS.

- 1 JESUS who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
From him our ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns!
- 2 Yes, thou art worthy dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men, or angels e'er can raise,
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns!
- 3 But earth, nor heav'n can e'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their king;
Yet must our hearts adore his name,
Dear name, whence all our blessings spring;
Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns!
- 4 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue;
But Lord! a bright, eternal day
Shall tune a more exalted song.
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns!

HYMN CXV. DODDRIDGE.

EMBLEMS OF THE EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL. Isa. lv. 10.

- 1 MARK the soft falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heav'n from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth thro' ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
"Almighty to effect
"The purpose I intend;
"Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
"And bear it down to millions more."

HYMN CXVI. DODDRIDGE.

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD. Luke iv. 19.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance you lost,
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
To golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore:
No debt, but love immensely great,
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

HYMN CXVII. Anon.

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- 1 HARK, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesu's blood,
Rebels are reconcil'd to God,
And led into the heav'nly road,
By grace divine!

-
-
- 2 Come sinners hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice, here combine,
Goodness, and truth harmonious join,
While boundless love in ev'ry line,
Invites you near.
- 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire:
Let ALL the Saviour's love proclaim,
And spread abroad his matchless fame:
For ever worthy is the lamb
Of endless praise.

HYMN CXVIII. DODDRIDGE.

THE RICHES OF PARDONING GRACE.

- 1 Let heav'n burst forth into a song;
Let earth reflect the joyful sound;
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
And shout, ye forests all around.
- 2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd,
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name
In their salvation hath display'd.
- 3 Unnumber'd sins, like fable clouds,
Veil'd ev'ry cheerful ray of joy,
And thunders murmur'd thro' the gloom,
While light'nings pointed to destroy.

- 4 He spoke, and all the clouds dispers'd,
And heav'n unveil'd its shining face;
The whole creation smil'd anew,
Deck'd in the golden beams of grace.
- 5 Israel, return with humble love,
Return to thy Redeemer's breast,
And charm'd by his melodious voice,
Compose thy weary pow'rs to rest.

HYMN CXIX. DODDRIDGE.

THE GOSPEL FIRST PREACHED AT JERUSALEM. Luke xxiv. 47.

- 1 "Go" saith the Lord, "proclaim my grace,
"To all the sons of Adam's race,
"Pardon for ev'ry crimson sin,
"And at Jerusalem begin.
- 2 "There, where my blood, not fully dry,
"Stands warm upon mount Calvary;
"That blood shall purge away their guilt,
"By whom so lately it was spilt.
- 3 "Now let the daring rebels turn,
"And o'er their bleeding sov'reign mourn;
"Their bleeding sov'reign shall forgive,
"And bid the rebels look and live."
- 4 Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord?
And did the rebels hear thy word?

- And did they fall beneath thy feet,
And on their knees forgiveness meet?
- 5 Then may I hope for mercy too;
Such love can my hard heart subdue,
And give this guilty soul a place,
Among these captives of thy grace.
- 6 Here be it daily mine employ
To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy,
Till 'midst the new Jerusalem
In one full choir we sing thy name.

HYMN CXX. DODDRIDGE.

THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL DESIRED.

- 1 BEHOLD with pleasing extacy
The gospel standard lifted high,
That all the nations from afar
May in the great salvation share.
- 2 Awake, all-conqu'ring arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake;
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call the ruin'd world thy own.
- 3 Thine all-successful pow'r display;
Produce a nation in a day;
For at thy word this barren earth
Shall travail with a gen'ral birth.

- 4 Swift let thy quick'ning spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,
Like waving corn before the winds.
- 5 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure
A world, where thou art known no more;
Transform it, Lord, by conqu'ring love;
Or bear us to the realms above.

HYMN CXXI. DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN YE BELIEVED. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 AWAKE, ye faints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd *
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN CXXII. DODDRIDGE.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

HYMN CXXIII. DODDRIDGE.

THE WISDOM OF REDEEMING TIME.

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant-time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and flow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Loft in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Where not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring shew,
We gaze in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

HYMN CXXIV. DODDRIDGE.

THE WISE CHOICE

- 1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN CXXV. DODDRIDGE.

"WHOSE I AM AND WHOM I SERVE."

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or pow'r's employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him, who for my ransom dy'd;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss, as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more:
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating pow'r.

HYMN CXXVI. DODDRIDGE.

SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

- 1 Now let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,

- Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's thought;
I spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN CXXVII. DODDRIDGE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ENCOURAGEMENT AND REWARD.

- 1 How rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize,
And shews the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, thro' suff'rings of an hour,
To joys, that never end.

HYMN CXXVIII. DODDRIDGE.

INCONSTANCY IN RELIGION LAMENTED.

- 1 PERPETUAL source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name:
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all-worthless as we are,
Its wond'rous mercy pours;
Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Arm'd with this energy divine
Our souls shall steadfast move,

And with increasing transport prefs
On to thy courts above.

- 6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

HYMN CXXIX. DODDRIDGE.

CREATURES VAIN AND GOD ALL-SUFFICIENT.

- 1 How long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flatt'ring hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded eyes
With visionary joy?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we with anxious fruitless toil
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see:
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

HYMN CXXX. MRS. STEELE.

THE FETTERED MIND.

- 1 Ah! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
And never, never rise?
Why thus amus'd with empty toys,
And sooth'd with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?
- 2 The mind was form'd to mount sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of time
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.
- 3 The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chain'd to earth I lie:
When shall my fetter'd pow'rs be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly?
- 4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul: O could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below;
I 'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to ev'ry tempting snare,
Heav'n calls, and I must go.

-
- 5 Heav'n calls; and can I yet delay?
Can ought on earth engage my stay?
Ah wretched, ling'ring heart!
Come Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist, and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.
-

HYMN CXXXI. Mrs. STEELE.

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

- 1 DISTANT Lord from thine abode,
Far from glory, far from God;
Now, and then, we breathe a sigh,
Upwards to our native sky.—
O for one celestial ray!
From the shining seats of day,
Sun of righteousness! arise,
Warm our hearts and charm our eyes.
- 2 Melt our chains with heav'nly fire,
Love and joy, and peace, inspire;
Make us feel thy grace within,
Free us from the pow'r of sin.
Give, O give us wings to rise,
In affection to the skies,
Liberty, and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are thine.

HYMN CXXXII.

Mrs. STEELE.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING. PL. xxx. 5.

- 1 LONG and mournful is the night,
Mental night of gloomy fear;
Source of comfort, source of light,
When, O when wilt thou appear!
Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart,
And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.
- 2 Morning of that glorious day
Which the blest enjoy above,
Where with full unclouded ray
Shines thy everlasting love;
Where joy, triumphant fills the bright abode
O happy world! fair paradise of God!
- 3 Thither if the heart aspire
Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain?
Shall the breathings of desire
Rise with unavailing pain?
O thou my guide, my solace, and my rest,
In this sad desert shall I rove unblest?
- 4 Sure the Lord of life is near,
Though a cloud his face conceal:
Jesus, when wilt thou appear;
When thy cheering beams reveal?
When shall thy beams of soul-reviving light
Dispel this gloomy cloud, this mental night?

- 5 Not in vain aspires the heart
That depends on thee alone;
Light and joy thou wilt impart,
Radiant dawn of bliss unknown.
Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing
Till from thy smile celestial morning spring.

HYMN CXXXIII. Mrs. STEELE.

TRUST IN GOD IN TIME OF DISTRESS.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain:
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd master die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply:
- 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, the Lord is mine!
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, tho' life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Tho' ev'ry earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice:
'Tis paradise if thou art mine.

HYMN CXXXIV. HEGINBOTHOM.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My father and my God,
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys:
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise!
- 3 In ev'ry period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.
- 4 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see:

- Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 5 Teach, me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, my God;
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 6 Then, should I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

HYMN CXXXV. DODDRIDGE.

DIVINE GOODNESS IN MODERATING AFFLICTIONS.

- 1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine;
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will;
And aw'd by thy majestic voice
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

HYMN CXXXVI. Mrs. STEELE.

TRUE AND LASTING HAPPINESS.

- 1 IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind:
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found,
Where seasons roll their hasty round;
And days and hours with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
- 3 Arise, my thoughts! my heart, arise!
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There joys for evermore shall last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Thy mercy, Lord, to me impart:
O raise my thoughtless, wand'ring heart
To pleasures perfect and sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ:
No more, ye restless passions! roam:
God is my bliss, and heav'n my home.

HYMN CXXXVII. Mrs. STEELE.

BECAUSE I LIVE YE SHALL LIVE ALSO. John xiv. 19.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here, let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here, let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands;
Nor all the pow'rs of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. DODDRIDGE.

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

- 1 LORD of the vineyard, we adore
That pow'r and grace divine,
Which plants our wild, our barren souls
In Christ the living vine.
- 2 For ever may they there abide,
And, from that vital root,
Be influence spread thro' ev'ry branch,
To form and feed the fruit.
- 3 Shine forth, my God, the clusters warm
With rays of sacred love ;
Till Eden's soil, and Zion's streams
The gen'rous plant improve.

HYMN CXXXIX. DODDRIDGE.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ?
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

-
-
- 3 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame.
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN CXL. DOBDRIDGE.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

- 1 BEHOLD the great physician stands,
Whose skill is ever sure;
And loud he calls to dying men,
And free he offers cure.
- 2 And will ye hear his gracious voice,
While sore diseas'd ye lie?
Or will ye all his grace despise,
And trifle till ye die?
- 3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
And inward vigour give;

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While fore diseas'd ye lie?
Or will ye all his grace despise,
And trifle till ye die?
- 3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
And inward vigour give;

Then, rais'd by energy divine,
Shall helpless mortals live.

- 4 With cheerful pace our trembling feet
In thy blest path's shall run,
Till Zion's healthful hill they gain,
Where no complaint is known.

HYMN CXLI. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FEAST.

- 1 ADIEU to all my fond pursuits,
Ye vain delights adieu!
My heart to nobler blifs aspires,
And better joys than you.
- 2 Not all the sweets of earth and sense
Can please th' immortal mind;
Delusive sweets! that mock our taste,
And leave a sting behind.
- 3 Author of life, and endless joy,
To thee, to thee I come;
Thou art the centre of my heart,
My portion and my home.
- 4 Give me to taste that sacred food
Thy favour'd children eat;
Not earth, with all its stores, can yield
Such soul-refreshing meat.

- 5 Let sweet devotion be my feast;
 O teach my heart to pray;
 With thee, to hail the morning light,
 With thee, to end the day.
- 6 Let faith, and zeal, and ardent love,
 Still bear me on their wings,
 And smiling hope still lift the heart
 Above terrestrial things.

HYMN CXLII. TAYLOR.

PARDON AND PEACE FROM GOD.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and fond desires;
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes;
 Mercy from above proclaiming,
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Each believing, humble mind;
 Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refin'd:
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

- 3 Ev'ry stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in Jesu's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws;
 Lord! with favour still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wond'rous love;
 Thou, our sun, and shield, defend us;
 All our hope is from above.

HYMN CXLIII. TAYLOR.

— PRAISE TO THE SUPREME RULER AND JUDGE. —

- 1 LET gratitude bless the kind pow'r,
 From whom our salvation descends:
 How great is the God we adore!
 How rich are the blessings he sends!
 In the beauty of holiness bow;
 O worship with fear and with love;
 How solemn his temples below!
 How glorious his presence above!
- 2 Proclaim to the nations around,
 That our God the omnipotent reigns,
 Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
 Whose purpose unalter'd remains.
 Rejoice! for the Lord is at hand;
 Prepare! for his judgment is nigh:
 Before him all nations shall stand;
 No guilt from his justice can fly.

HYMN CXLIV. DODDRIDGE.

FAMILY RELIGION.

- 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN CXLV. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST'S CONDESCENSION TO CHILDREN.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 "The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transports to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust:
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN CXLVI. DODDRIDGE.

THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME. Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crouds draw near,
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you

And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

- 3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those, that early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

HYMN CXLVII. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE YOUNG PERSON'S PRAYER. 2. Chron. i. 7—12.

- 1 HARK! 'tis your heav'nly Father's call,
How soft the charming accents fall;
"Ask and receive, my sons," he cries,
With loving heart and melting eyes.
- 2 Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I come to seek my father's face;
Nor will he turn his ear away
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.

- 3 I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour;
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.
- 4 I seek for blessings more divine
Than corn, or oil, or richest wine:
If those are sent, I'll praise thy name—
Withheld, I'll still thy grace proclaim.
- 5 One thing I ask, and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:
- 6 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word,
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wand'ring youth.
- 7 Then, shouldst thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

HYMN CXLVIII. HORNE.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF." Isa. xlii. 6.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
When, like us, he blighted fell)
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis alas! the truth we tell.

2 Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health, and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
On long life too much presuming,
By delusive hopes misled,
View us late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

3 Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning;
"Heav'n and earth shall pass away."
On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN CXLIX. DODDRIDGE.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursu'd!
Lest, flighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

HYMN CL. DODDRIDGE.

THE PROGRESS OF TIME.

- 1 REMARK, my foul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,

- When all, that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

HYMN CLI. DODDRIDGE.

THE GREAT JOURNEY.

- 1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass!
- 4 Awake my soul; thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.
- 5 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,
And, if thou call me down to dust,
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
And die in smiles at thy command.

HYMN CLII. HEGINBOTHOM.

FOR A NEW YEAR.

- 1 GOD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound,
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 In ev'ry scene of life, thy care,
In ev'ry age, we see;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 3 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free,
Teach me each comfort to resign,
And trust my all to thee.

-
- 4 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wand'ring soul to God;
And in affliction I shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.
 - 5 This year, perhaps, the hand of death
May snatch my soul away;
That awful hand may stop my breath
Before the op'ning day.
 - 6 Father in heav'n, thy will be done,
I cheerfully resign;
Make me in life, in death, thine own;
This year, for ever thine.

HYMN CLIII. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 GREAT God! let all my tuneful pow'rs
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,
Thy hand, from which my being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons still rolling round,
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crown'd,
To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 To thee I raise the annual song
To thee the grateful tribute give;
My God doth still my years prolong,
And, 'midst unnumber'd deaths, I live.

- 4 He bids each season on my soul
Its sweetest, kindest influence shed;
And all the periods, as they roll,
Show'r countless blessings on my head.
- 5 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.
- 6 Thus will I sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Thro' everlasting years, adore.

HYMN CLIV. DODDRIDGE.

THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS. PS. LXX. 11.

- 1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN CLV. HEGINBOTHOM.

FOR THE MORNING.

- 1 STILL do the wheels of time revolve,
And bear this life along:
With thanks I end the fleeting days,
And hail them with a song.
- 2 Still do I feel my former health,
And fresh composure find,
And all the active pow'rs of life,
In gentle ease refin'd.
- 3 Lord, what is man, when lost in sleep,
All pow'r of reas'ning dies!
And yet from this defenceless state,
With new delight, I rise.

- 4 But not defenceless, O, my soul!
Observe that guardian hand,
Which plac'd those watchful angels there,
There set the heav'nly band.
- 5 Great God of hosts, accept the song;
I own the wond'rous grace:
O may the guardian of my nights
Delight to bless my days.
- 6 This day may ev'ry hour correct
The follies of the past;
And such may all its actions be,
As would adorn the last.

HYMN CLVI. HAWKESWORTH.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r;
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.
- 3 O guide me thro' the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

-
-
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
 - 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

HYMN CLVII. HEGINBOTHOM.

FOR THE EVENING.

- 1 STAY, stay, my lab'ring pow'rs, awake,
To praise awhile your God;
The God who rules the lightsome day,
And spreads these shades abroad:
- 2 The hand which fills my daily cup,
And gives my daily bread,
Preserves my ev'ning comforts too,
And makes my nightly bed.
- 3 This night, perhaps, the hand of death
May snatch my soul away,
And send it to the shades of woe,
Or to eternal day.
- 4 My soul, or meditate the dread,
Or oh! indulge the joy;
And let the praise of love divine
Thy sweetest thoughts employ.

- 5 'Tis this which cheers my midnight hours,
 And dissipates the gloom;
 Adds a fresh lustre to the light,
 And glory to the tomb.
- 6 Thus, while I feel my heav'n-born soul
 To its own mansions soar,
 Fearless I give my eyes to sleep,
 Tho' I should wake no more.

HYMN CLVIII. DODDRIDGE.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 HEAV'NLY Father! gracious name!
 Night, and day, his love the same,
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Ev'ry anxious care forgot:
 Thou mine ever bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good;
 Thy kind eye that cannot sleep,
 My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 2 What if death my sleep invade?
 Should I be of death afraid?
 Whilst encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
 What if beams of op'ning day,
 Shine around my breathless clay?
 Brighter visions from on high,
 Shall regale my mental eye.

- 3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have,
In the realms beyond the grave.
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell:
With his love, and presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.

HYMN CLIX. DODDRIDGE.

MEDITATIONS IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

- 1 WHAT tho' downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.
While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various thro' their mystic way:
- 2 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
'Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise:

- 3 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear;
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart;
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:—
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

HYMN CLX. Mrs. STEELE.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,
Demands our souls' collected pow'rs,
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls adoring own,
The grace which calls us to thy throne!
- 2 Hence ye vain cares and trifles fly,
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye,
Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 The word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart a humble guest!

O bid the wretched sons of need,
On foul-reviving dainties feed !

- 4 Thy spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
O may thy word with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine :
Then shall our souls adoring own,
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN CLXI. TURNER.

THE PLEASURE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 LORD of hosts ! how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are ;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n and much of thee.
From thy gracious presence flows,
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 2 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
Thus with festive songs of joy
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

HYMN CLXII. DODDRIDGE.

THE WATERS OF THE SANCTUARY. Ezek. xlvii.

- 1 A SACRED spring, at God's command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 2 The limpid stream with sudden force
Swells to a river in its course;
Thro' desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 3 Close by its banks in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.
- 4 Flow, wond'rous stream, with glory crown'd,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us on thy gentle wave
To him, who all thy virtues gave.

HYMN CLXIII. DODDRIDGE.

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which from the desert rise.

-
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
 - 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
 - 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
 - 5 O long expected day begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

HYMN CLXIV. Mrs. BARBAULD.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!

- O what a fun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

PART II.

- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.
- 6 The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He took their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 7 Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.
- 8 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

-
- 9 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 And Lord of all below,
 Thro' him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
 And boundless blessings flow.
- 10 To thee, my Saviour, and my King,
 Glad homage let me give;
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
 With thee that I may live.

HYMN CLXV. Anon.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 JESUS Christ is ris'n to-day,
 Our triumphant holiday!
 Who so lately on the cross,
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns of praises let us sing
 Unto Christ our heav'nly king.
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd,
 Our salvation hath procur'd:
 Now he reigns above the sky,
 Where the angels ever cry Hallelujah.

*HYMN CLXVI.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love,
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Here let our pow'rs unite,
His honour'd name to raise;
Pleasure, and joy, fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.
- 4 And while we share the gifts,
His bounteous hands bestow,
Let ev'ry heart in friendship join'd,
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Let love inspire each breast,
And dictate ev'ry thought;
Be angry passions far remov'd,
And selfish views forgot.
- 6 Our souls expanded wide,
By our Redeemer's grace,
Shall in the arms of fervent love,
All heav'n and earth embrace.

* This hymn is ascribed to Dr. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXVII. DODDRIDGE.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

- 1 Now be that sacrifice survey'd,
That ransom which the Saviour paid;
That fight familiar to my view,
Yet always wond'rous, always new.
- 2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
And gently bow'd his dying head;
While love to sinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing smart.
- 3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth and heav'n and thou may'st see
My love to him, who dy'd for me?
- 4 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught,
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.
- 5 When to thy sacred cross we fly,
There let each savage passion die:
While the warm streams of blood divine
Melt our cold hearts to love like thine.

HYMN CLXVIII. DODDRIDGE.

CONTINUING IN CHRIST'S LOVE.

- 1 To all his flock, what wond'rous love
Doth our kind shepherd bear!
As he to his great father's heart:
So we to his are dear.
- 2 So sure, so constant, and so strong
Do his endearments prove:
O may their energy prevail
To fix us in his love.
- 3 No more let my divided heart
From this blest center turn;
But, fir'd by such all potent rays,
With flames immortal burn.
- 4 Descend, and all thy pow'r display,
And all thy love reveal;
That the warm streams of Jesus' blood
This frozen heart may feel.

HYMN CLXIX. DODDRIDGE.

THE CONDESCENSION OF THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

- 1 AND will the majesty of heav'n
Accept us for his sheep?
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such worthless creatures keep?

-
-
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Thro' pastures ever green?
- 4 What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine?
- 5 Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious thou!
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

HYMN CLXX. NEWTON.

SPRING.

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees, and fields, in bloom appear:
Hark! the birds with artless lays,
Warble their creator's praise.
Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flow'rs in clusters grow;
And the corn in green array,
Promises a harvest day.

- 2 Lord, afford a spring to me,
 Let me feel like what I see;
 Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
 Make my drooping soul rejoice.
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Cheer the plants, enrich the soil:
 Soon thy presence will restore,
 Life, to what seem'd dead before.
- 3 Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come!
 Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year;
 How unlike this state below!
 There, the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;
 There, no chilling blasts annoy,
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

HYMN CLXXI. Anon.

SUMMER AND HARVEST.

- 1 To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
 My tongue his goodness sing;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the spring.

- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

HYMN CLXXII. Mrs. STEELE.

WINTER.

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light, and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
- 4 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;

And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

- 5 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

• HYMN CLXXIII. DODDERIDGE.

• GOD ADOR'D FOR HIS WONDERFUL WORKS.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowl, and beasts and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

- 5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

HYMN CLXXIV. DODDRIDGE.

RESTORING MERCY CELEBRATED.

- 1 GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heav'n's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid,
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restor'd;

And, while our hours renew their race,
Still we would walk before his face.

- 5 So when by him our souls are led
Thro' unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

HYMN CLXXV. HEGINBOTHOM.

GRATITUDE FOR NATIONAL MERCIES.

- 1 SEE, mighty God! before thy throne
Britons, with pious rev'rence, bow:
Our souls, with joy and wonder, own
That Britain is thine Israel now.
- 2 Around our coasts, by thy command,
The seas, a dreadful bulwark, roar;
Our strongest bulwark is thy hand;
Thy hand defends the favour'd shore.
- 3 Thrice happy nation! where the Lord
The banners of his love displays,
Reveals the secrets of his word,
And gives the blessings of his grace.
- 4 Still let the Lord on Britain smile,
While we, with grateful hearts, adore;
Nor ever leave his chosen isle,
Till time and nature are no more.

HYMN CLXXVI. HEGINBOTHOM,

FOR A FAST DAY IN TIME OF WAR.

- 1 HARK! the loud trumpet of our God
Sounds an alarm of war:
Attend, O earth! ye nations! hear,
And tremble from afar.
- 2 With humble rev'rence, and with awe,
We hear the sacred word;
And trembling, own the sentence just,
Which dooms us to the sword.
- 3 Not e'en in war would we repine
The murd'ring sword to view,
Might the same stroke that wastes the land,
Destroy its vices too.
- 4 But we shall hail the happy day
Which ends the painful doom;
When earth shall like the world above,
In peace, and virtue bloom.
- 5 Still let our songs declare his name
Who guards the British race:
The God of justice we adore,
And bless the God of grace.

HYMN CLXXVII.

AIBIN.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground :
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The parent, and the Lord of all,
- 2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heav'n-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace,
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race;
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood.
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love, and pity, droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God ! whose pow'rful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind;
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear, and obey, that high command,
Thy son's blest errand from above,
" My creatures, live in mutual love ! "

HYMN CLXXVIII.

WATTS.

THE DEATH OF KINDRED IMPROVED.

- 1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
While love, and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

HYMN CLXXIX.

WATTS.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH.

- 1 MY thoughts, that oft ascend the skies,
Come, search the dust beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns the pow'r of death.

-
- 2 See, how the tyrant triumphs here!
 His trophies scatter'd round!
 What heaps of mould'ring bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground!
- 3 Soon must we leave the banks of life,
 And try death's doubtful sea;
 Vain are our groans, and vain the strife
 To gain a moment's stay.
- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
 O'er our cold limbs, and say—
 "Once they were strong as mine appear,
 And mine must be as they."
- 5 Thus shall our lifeless members teach
 What now our senses learn;
 For dust and ashes loudly preach
 Man's first and great concern.

HYMN CLXXX. Mrs. STEELE.

SIN THE STING OF DEATH.

- 1 DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught;
 It rends the guilty heart,
 When conscience wakes remorseful thought,
 With agonizing smart.
- 2 'Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
 Which all the soul alarms;

- Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
And conquest to his arms.
- 3 Dear Saviour! thy victorious love
Can all his force controul;
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.
- 4 Victorious love! thy wond'rous pow'r
From sin and death can raise;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.
- 5 Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the sky,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror die.
- 6 No more O pale destroyer boast,
Thy universal sway;
To heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gate of day.

HYMN CLXXXI.

BEGIN BOTHOM.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
Thy praise shall still employ my tongue;
For ever will I make thy love
The pleasing burthen of my song.

- 2 When in the shades of gloomy night,
Opprest with dark despair I lay,
Thy grace upheld my fainting heart,
And chac'd my dismal fears away.
- 3 Cheer'd with thy light, the dreary vale
Loses its horror, and its gloom:
Thy grace can make e'en death to smile,
And spread a glory round my tomb.
- 4 Thou king of dread! my faith and hope
Above thine utmost malice soar:
O death! where is thy mighty sting?
Nor boast, O grave, thy vict'ry more.
- 5 Thanks to thy name, thou God of love!
To thee eternal thanks I give:
I'll still pursue the glorious theme,
Long as a deathless soul can live.
- 6 O! could I join those shining hosts,
And strike those golden harps above!
But I can never, never sing
In strains proportion'd to thy love.

HYMM CLXXXII. POPE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

- 1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN CLXXXIII. WATTS.

FOR THE BURIAL OF A BELIEVER.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred reliques room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here;
And angels watch his soft repose.

- 3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
 Past thro' the grave, and blest the bed.
 Rest here, fair faint! till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne illustrious morn;
 Attend O earth his sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
 He must ascend to meet his Lord.

HYMN CLXXXIV. HEGINBOTHOM.

THE SECOND APPEARING OF CHRIST.

- 1 COME, faints, and shout the Saviour's praise,
 To him, your grateful tribute bring,
 Let angels hear the notes you raise,
 And strike their golden harps and sing.
- 2 Sing, how he left the heav'nly throne,
 And laid his splendid robes aside,
 Put all our mortal weakness on,
 And groan'd and labour'd, wept and died.
- 3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
 High let your ardent passions soar;
 See, where the great Redeemer reigns,
 And all the hosts of heav'n adore.
- 4 Again he comes,—a mighty cloud
 Bears him in sacred triumph down;

- The trumpet sounds, it summons loud;
And angels shout his high renown.
- 5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.
- 6 Hail, mighty Prince! thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph, are complete;
To thee the ransom'd myriads bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.
- 7 O could I hope my guilty soul
Might share the honours of that day,
Then, let thine awful chariot roll,
I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

HYMN CLXXXV. NEWTON.

THE FINAL SENTENCE.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!

- You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his angels, have thy part!"
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and ferv'd the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow;
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Mrs. STEELE.

THE PROMISED LAND.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No malice, strife, or envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 6 There, no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

- 7 Oh! may this heav'nly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love;
 May lively faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Mrs. STEELE.

"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

- 1 To view unveil'd thy radiant face,
 Thou everlasting fair!
 And chang'd to spotless purity,
 Thy glorious likeness wear:
- 2 To feast with ever new delight,
 On uncreated good;
 And drink full satisfying draughts
 Of pleasure's sacred flood:
- 3 'Tis bliss too high for mortal thought!
 It awes, and yet inspires:
 Fain would my soul unfetter'd rise
 In more intense desires.
- 4 Lord raise my faith, my hope, my heart
 To these transporting joys:
 Then shall I scorn each little snare,
 Which this vain world employs.
- 5 Then, tho' I sink in death's cold sleep,
 I shall awake to bliss;
 And in the likeness of my God,
 Find endless happiness.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. DODDRIDGE.

GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF THE SAINTS ABOVE.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heav'n, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewel, thou ever changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

Short Hymns,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN CLXXXIX. DODDRIDGE.

O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare a new song;
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.

Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king:
The God, whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And view with complacency the off'ring we bring.

Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn:
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

Then praise ye the Lord! prepare a glad song;
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN CXC. Anon.

How can we adore, or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and pow'r, thou God of all grace!
With honour and blessing, before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing, thee father of all.

The heavens, and earth, and water and air,
To thee owe their birth, subsist by thy care,
Whilst angels are singing, thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing, our tribute of love.

Thine heritage bless, thy people defend,
Replenish with grace, our hearts to the end:
Protect and deliver, when danger is near,
And may we for ever, in glory appear.

HYMN CXCI. DODDRIDGE.

HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name,
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending;
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

His goodness never fails; the dawn, the shade
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this fure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.
The deathless soul thro' its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

Burst into praise, my soul! all nature, join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine:
While human years are measur'd by the sun,
Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

HYMN CXCH.

Mrs. STEELE.

- 1 WHILE sweet reflection, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 2 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy graces shine.
- 3 My highest praise, alas, how poor!
How cold my warmest love!
Dear father! teach me to adore,
As angels do above.
- 4 But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain
Claims an immortal tongue.

HYMN CXCIH.

Anon.

- 1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's hosts their noblest praises bring.

- 3 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face;
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.

HYMN CXCIV. STERNHOLD.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heav'n's most high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally he rode;
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And he, as sov'reign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

HYMN CXCV. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind!
 We bless that wondrous grace,
 Which could for gentiles find
 Within thy courts a place.
 How kind the care our God displays,
 For us to raise a house of pray'r!

- 2 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows:
 Indulgent still, till earth conspire
 To join the choir on Sion's hill.

HYMN CXCVI. NEWTON.

- 1 MORE of thy presence, Lord! impart;
 More of thy image let me bear:
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
 And thence derive my joy and strength:
 To see thy boundless love reveal'd
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 3 Grant these requests—I ask no more;
 But to thy care the rest resign:
 Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
 All shall be well if thou art mine.

HYMN CXCVII. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 AND why do our admiring eyes,
 These gospel glories see?
 And whence, may ev'ry heart reply,
 Salvation sent to me?

- 2 Amazing grace! arise my soul,
And sing the Saviour's name,
And while the great salvation lasts,
His boundless love proclaim.

HYMN CXCVIII. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 O Lord! how few of Adam's race,
Have learn'd thy nature and thy ways,
What thousands in these lands of light,
Are buried in Egyptian night!
- 2 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear,
And to thy solemn rites draw near;
Yet, tho' salvation seems so nigh,
Because they know not God, they die.
- 3 Send thy victorious gospel forth.
Wide from these regions of the north;
And thro' thy churches grace impart,
To write thy name on ev'ry heart.

HYMN CXCIX. Anon.

- 1 THE gospel trumpet blow,
The joy-inspiring sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

- 2 Extol the lamb of God,
The great atoning lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
To all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee, &c.

- 3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face!
The year of jubilee, &c.

HYMN CC. Anon.

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him, all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 O! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN CCI. Anon.

OVERWHELM'D with restless fears,
Lord, I seek thy mercy-seat;
And with all my flowing tears,
Pour my sorrows at thy feet.
Mournful penitence, and pray'r
Cannot seek thy throne in vain;
Nor unnotic'd by thine ear,
Shall the contrite heart complain.

HYMN CCII. Anon.

- 1 FATHER, ador'd in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still;
Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love,
And earth, like heav'n, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
O let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us ev'ry hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r;
Be thine the glory evermore!

HYMN CCIII. NEWTON.

THANKS for mercies past, receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;

Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to old and young,
Grant us Lord! thy peace and love;
And when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

HYMN CCIV. Anon.

MAY he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end.
And as the rapid sands run down,
Our graces still improve;
Till each receives the glorious crown,
Of never-fading love.

HYMN CCV. Mrs. STEELE.

My God! my king! to thee I'll raise
My voice, and all my pow'rs:
Unwearied songs of sacred praise,
Shall fill the circling hours.
Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns, shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.

HYMN CCVI. Anon.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.

HYMN CCVII. HART.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN CCVIII. Mrs. MASTERS.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.
After death, its joys will be,
Lasting as eternity.

HYMN CCIX. NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys, which earth cannot afford.

HYMN CCX. KENYH

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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THE END.

